

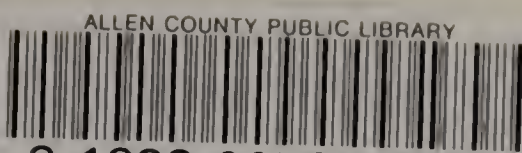
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An Authentic History
of one clan of
The Williams Family

by FRED BLAIR WILLIAMS

Lucile Williams
239 Burnham St.
Bendavidville
Indiana

1645403

Four generations of Williamses to practice medicine in Kendallville, Ind.



Seated at right: Old Dr. Nathan Williams. Standing: Dr. Salasliel T. Williams. Seated at left is Dr. Warren S. Williams holding his son, then only six months old; now Dr. Harold Otis Williams.

There is an old Welsh rhyme that runs something like this: "King William was King James' son, and that's the way the Williamses come." But as rhymes are seldom authentic, though often based on fact, I shall resort to more reliable sources in acquiring information concerning this family, whose members have become as numerous as the Smithes, Joneses or Taylors.

By a careful search into the somewhat misty records of the past, I have found with plenty of proof to substantiate the claim, that our ancestors were unquestionably Welsh, and dwelt in that part of Wales near Abercrumway where farming and mining were the major industries.

They belonged in general to the middle class of people with an occasional one rising above that station to make for himself a prominent place in history; Most of them, however, were content to follow the simple occupations their country had to offer, rear their families in peace and quiet, and join in the social, religious, and political activities of that distant day.

I sincerely trust that I shall not be considered presumptuous in permitting myself to imagine that on many an evening as the sun sank beyond the horizon, and the twilight deepened into darkness about their humble abodes after the strenuous toil of the day had ended, they gathered together in little family or neighborhood groups, the older folks to discuss the events of the times, while the younger members sang and danced the happy hours away, thus securing variety, which is truly the spice of life.

The beginning of this history dates back to the latter part of the 16th century, but because of a mighty conflagration that swept over London a century later (1666) destroying many records, including family ones, the task of tracing different members of the family has not only been rendered difficult, but in some cases utterly impossible.

The first of whom I am able to acquire any concrete information is one John Williams by name, who was born near Abercrumway, Wales in the year 1562. Very little is known of his parentage, his boyhood and youth, nor whom he married; He received a college education, a rare accomplishment for a young man of that time.

He became a clergyman, then a bishop, and finally a statesman; In this latter capacity he held many high offices by appointment of the crown, the most important of which was Keeper of The Great Seal during the reign of King James the second; he had two sons, James and John Jr., but as the latter never gained distinction, nothing further is known of him, but of James more will be said later.

On the ascension of King Charles to the throne of England, John Sr. was arrested by the King's officers on some charge in connection with his office, tried in the Star Chamber, convicted, and fined ten thousand pounds, and imprisoned in the Tower; the sentence was, however, rescinded in 1640 and he served his country in many official capacities in his declining years with credit to himself and the crown.

James, the oldest son, was born near Newgate, a suburb of London, in the year 1583 and later we find him following the trade of merchant tailor, a vocation in which he proved himself quite successful, and to such an extent that he accumulated considerable property in what was then Cow-lane, a street that still bears that name, I am reliably informed.

He married an English lady in 1605, and later to that union four children were born: two sons and two daughters; Their first son was born in 1607 and was named Roger; Another son and two daughters arrived later. but as Roger was the only one to gain distinction, little is known of the other children.

Roger received a college education and became a clergyman; During his college days he had fallen desperately in love with a lady of the aristocracy by the name of Ann Whaley, who later realizing the great gulf separating her class from his, jilted him and broke off the engagement.

This affair so upset him, that for a long time it was feared by his parents and friends that his mind would be unbalanced, but in time he overcame his bitter disappointment, courting and marrying a lady of his own class, who was destined to become the mother of his five children, and a most wonderful wife and companion.

This was at a time when a fierce struggle was raging between the Puritans and Separatists on one side and the Established Church of England on the other; Against the advice of his parents and close friends he chose to align himself on the side of the hated Puritans, and as a result was continually in trouble with His Majesty's Officers.

As a result of this persecution he decided to leave the land of his birth and take his wife and three children and cast his lot with a group of Puritans, who were sailing for America, where they might worship unmolested or harrassed by the King's Officers; This decision was none too soon, for when they were far out at sea beyond the reach of the King's Officers, he was sentenced to be burned at the stake.

After reaching America he disagreed with the leaders of the Massachusetts Bay Colony over intolerance and decided to part company with them; Although it was the dead of winter he found food and shelter with friendly Indians, and in the early spring of 1636 moved on to found the Colony of Rhode Island.

Here their fourth child was born, a daughter whom they gave the appropriate name of Freeborn and two years later a son arrived whom they gave the Biblical name of Daniel, and it is to this son that our branch of the Williams family traces its ancestry.

Daniel grew to manhood in his native state and married a lady by the name of Elizabeth Harbaugh. In the following lineage through as it came to me from various sources, I will give only the names of the male children who were to perpetuate the Williams name.

Daniel became the father of Joseph, Joseph the father of Benjamin,

Benjamin the father of David, and David the father of Abram, my great grandfather, and from here on the details will be more specific.

Before taking up the history of Abram I wish to say something of David, whom it seems had drifted south into the State of New York, settling in the vicinity of Terrytown, where we find him in the closing days of the Revolution.

He was a soldier in that war and it was he, along with Paulding and Vanwert, that captured Major Andre, the British spy who was carrying the secret papers for the surrender of West Point to the British, the plans for which previously were arranged by the traitor, Benedict Arnold. For that act of patriotism each of the three men in later years was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor, a tract of land, and a pension for life.

David had two sons, Nathan (named in honor of Nathan Hale) and Abram, my great grandfather: I have no record of any other children in David's family.

A few years prior to the adoption of the constitution Abram and his young wife were living in the state of Delaware. All this information came through my Grandmother Williams, who was born in 1812 and as a young girl often heard her parents talking of it; She passed away in 1904 in her 92nd year.

A few years before the turn of the century Abram and wife moved over into Fayette County, Pa., not far from Uniontown, and there became the parents of three children, the first to arrive a daughter named Hannah, born in 1804; Next was a son, James Silas, in 1807, and then another son, Nathan, in 1811, named after Abram's younger brother. All I know of Hannah is that she married a man by the name of Packer and had a large family.

Although a little ahead of my story I wish to here relate an incident I often heard my father (Henry) tell while I was a boy still at home; It seems that when only a small boy of five or six years of age, he was sent across the hills to the cabin of his Aunt Hannah Packer to spend the night as she was quite old and lived alone.

On arriving there it was found that the last spark had died out in the fireplace; People in those days started fires from coals left smouldering in the ashes, but in this instance the last spark had vanished, and a fire must be had as the nights were cold.

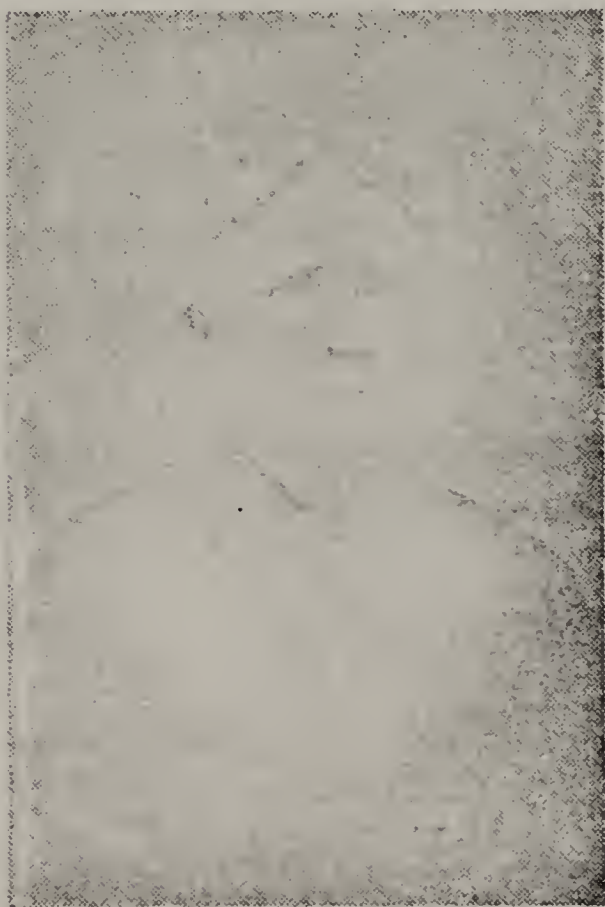
Bear in mind this was long before matches came into use and the flint commonly used in starting new fires could nowhere be found. Hannah took down the dutch oven, got the powder horn and sifted powder on the bottom of the oven, then put scutching tow (flax fiber) and dry shavings on top of the powder; Securing a hammer and old file she placed the sharp handle end of the file on the bottom of the oven in the powder and struck the other end of the file a sharp blow with the hammer, causing a spark to ignite the powder, setting the tow and shavings on fire and soon they

had a roaring fireplace. Thus we can see the resourcefulness of the housewife in that distant day.

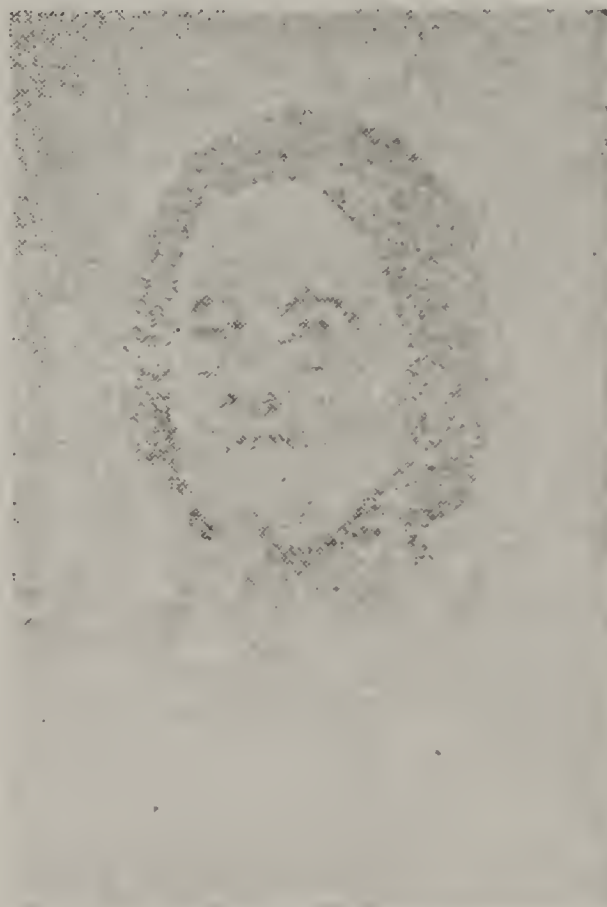
When Abram and wife arrived in Pennsylvania they found already there a German and wife by the name of Jacob and Kathern Iker; to them were born a son and three daughters named in order of their births, Daniel, born 1806, Ann 1808, Lydia 1810, and Elizabeth 1812.

The children of the two families grew up together, developing a close friendship by coming in contact with each other through the ordinary social and religious functions of that time. This resulted in Silas and Nathan courting and marrying sisters, Silas choosing Elizabeth and Nathan, Lydia. Both were married in 1829.

Abram and his wife passed away close together in 1824 and Nathan hired out to a farmer at the age of thirteen for two dollars per month. By great effort he had gained some education in subscription schools, always showing a keen interest in the study of medicine. He later followed cabinet making, carrying on his favorite study of medicine all the while, and because of his exceptional talent in that line was admitted to the Pa. School of Medicine at Connellsville from which he graduated in 1828.



Dr. Nathan Williams

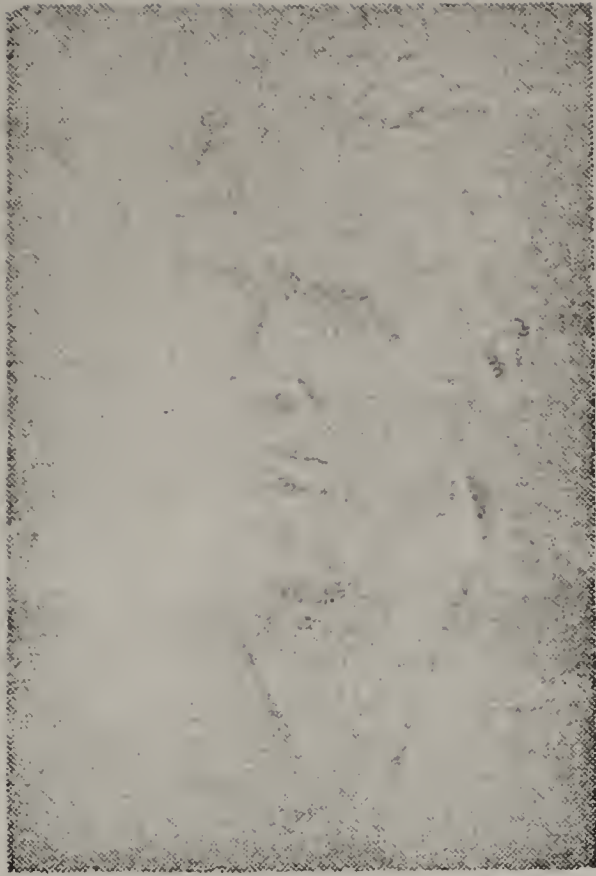


Nathan's Wife

He practiced medicine in his native state a short time, then moved to the town of Defiance, Ohio, practicing there until his son, Salastiel T. Williams, graduated from high school in 1845. He then moved to Kendallville, Ind., where he built up a large practice, which he carried on until his death in 1886 at the age of 82.

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Dr. S. T. Williams, son of
Nathan — 1880

Salastiel T. also took up the study of medicine after his graduation from the Defiance, Ohio High School, finishing his medical course, and practicing with his father until his aging father's death: The only break in that partnership was a few years spent in the Union Army as surgeon in charge of U. S. Hospital No. 44 at Nashville, Tenn. He married and became the father of Warren S. Williams, born Jan. 1st, 1862.

Warren received his common and high school education in Kendallville, graduating from the latter in the class of 1881.

Determined to devote his life to the profession his father and grandfather had so successfully followed, he began the study of medicine after finishing high school, at first under his father, but soon entered the medical department of Western Reserve University at Cleveland, Ohio, making an enviable record as a student, and also by

reason of his original investigation in various lines of the profession.

After graduating from the University in 1884 at the young age of 22, he began practicing with his father in Kendallville and continued in that partnership until his father's death after which he maintained an office of his own.

Bringing to his life work a mind well disciplined by severe professional training, he was not long in building up a large practice, and by reason of his skill in the treatment of diseases that had formerly baffled the knowledge of older and more experienced physicians, he was not long in establishing more than local reputation.

Though only a young man he was considered not only one of the most thoroughly informed doctors in Noble County, but as a practitioner familiar with the nature of prevalent diseases and the ability to apply successfully his wide and varied knowledge in their treatment he was often called in council with the most eminent doctors of the state.

Besides an extensive office practice, he visited a majority of the best homes in the large farming community within reach of Kendallville, where his abilities were recognized and appreciated. As a family physician he possessed a very strong character, was warm-hearted and generous in his sympathies, and seldom if ever failed to win the complete confidence of his patients which is so essential in successful treatment.

Always calm and self-possessed in the sick room he impressed anxious friends with his fidelity and ability and the marked degree with which

he aroused the love and gratitude of those under his charge, marked him as a thorough master of the situation, however grave or critical the case might be.

He was married Oct. 20th, 1886, to Miss Jennie Otis of Hicksville, Ohio, and they maintained a very beautiful home in Kendallville, where they dispensed a genuine and refined hospitality to their many friends.

Dr. Warren and wife had three children: two daughters and a son, the girls named Anna and Lucile and the son Harold O.; Anna married a man by the name of Herbert D. Pugh and they live in Ft. Wayne, Ind. Lucile never married and lives in Kendallville and at present is librarian at that city's public library.

Harold O. after graduating from Ind. School of Medicine formed a co-partnership with his father in July of 1913; It lasted only six months as Dr. Warren passed away the following January; he now has an office of his own and is 68 years old.

He married Ethel B. Crawford, a high school classmate, in Nov., 1913, and to them were born two daughters, Nancy Jane and Patricia Ann; Both are married and have families; the former married Wayne Stewart, M.D., of Kendallville and they now reside at Cape May Court House, N.J.

Patricia Ann married a man by the name of Dean Cutshall of Ft. Wayne and they live there; So Dr. Harold O. rounds out the fourth generation of the family of Nathan to practice medicine in Kendallville since he first hung out his shingle there one hundred twelve years ago.

It has already been stated that Silas married Elizabeth Iker, a sister of Nathan's wife, in 1829; They lived in various neighborhoods in the vicinity of Uniontown, Pa., and although poor were happy and contented with their lot for most of the families around them were also poor. Silas worked for neighboring farmers during the summer and in winter swung the flail to thresh out the wheat, rye, flax and buckwheat raised during the summer months.

He was an expert with the broad-ax and spent much time in winter, when the weather permitted, hewing timbers to be used in the construction of public buildings or ships, the great loads being hauled away on oxen-drawn wagons or sleds to the cities or ship-building yards on the coast.

Silas was a man who could turn his hand to many things, and this stood him well in hand for in the years that lay ahead there were many mouths to feed and bodies to clothe as will be shown later.

On stormy days when it was unfit to work out of doors he made ox-yokes, ax-handles, or gun-stocks, for which he found ready sale; Then, too, he was a good shoe and leather boot maker, often working far into the night by candle-light making shoes and boots, not only for his own family but for the neighbors as well. Not far distant was a tan-yard where he could obtain leather in exchange for tan-bark, which he peeled from a certain kind of oak trees that grew plentifully on the hillsides.

During their residence there from 1829 to 1865 all of their fourteen children were born, four of which died in infancy. Uniontown or Connellsville were their two closest trading points where supplies could be bought, mainly salt, sugar, coffee and tobacco; Most all other necessities were home-made from things they raised.

They ground their own corn by hand but took their wheat, rye or buckwheat to the water-mill on Yakaghaney Creek to be ground in to flour, the miller taking one-third for grinding. Most trade was by barter and money was rarely seen, especially by the younger members of the family.

Their trading was direct as no banking system had yet taken possession of the economic structure compelling tribute to be paid into the coffers of privately-owned institutions in the form of interest on their medium of exchange. Their negotiations were as pure as the air they breathed, a condition to which our country might very profitably return, so far as sensible economics are concerned.

Perhaps by returning to such a system we would not need to slaughter immature livestock, plow under crops, nor poison surpluses while millions go without the necessities of life for lack of any medium of exchange, but pardon me, this was to be a family history and not a treatise on economics.

In 1865 at the close of the Civil War when both Union and Confederate soldiers were returning to their homes to flood the labor market and make gaining a livelihood more difficult in the East, Silas decided upon a rather bold move, that of taking his wife and three sons still under the parental roof, and any of the other married ones, who wished to accompany them, and move west over into Ohio, where the report of cheap land and an abundance of wild game was attracting many settlers.

But before continuing on with their adventure, it might be well to take a little inventory of the family of Silas and Elizabeth as it was at the time this western move was anticipated. All their fourteen children covering the period from the date of their marriage in 1829 to 1865 were born near Uniontown, Pa.

Margaret and Hannah, twin girls, were born June 24th, 1830, and died in infancy.

Kathern, born Nov. 4th, 1831.

Abram, named after his paternal grandfather, born Oct. 2nd, 1833.

Sarah, born Nov. 3rd, 1835.

Lydia, born Oct. 18th, 1837, died at the age of one year and five months.

Amy Ann, born Dec. 9th, 1839. ~~38~~

Samuel, born Feb. 2nd (Ground-hog Day), 1840.

Emiline, born Feb. 28th, 1844.

Everhart, born June 6th, 1846.

John, born July 12th, 1848, died at the age of two years.

Henry, born Feb. 18th, 1851.

Leroy, born July 10th, 1853.

Ross, born Mar. 20th, 1856.

Kathern, who married Hugh Church in 1850, died in 1853, at the age of 22 years; thus we have a complete record of the family consisting of fourteen children; With Margaret, Hannah, Kathern, John and Lydia dead and Abram, Sarah, Amy Ann, Samuel, Emiline and Leroy married and living in the vicinity of Uniontown with their families, and three sons, Everhart, Henry and Ross, still under the parental roof, all the children are accounted for at the time the decision was made to make the western move.

In April of 1865 on the day of Abraham Lincoln's funeral they bade farewell to the vicinity of Uniontown, Pa., where they had spent thirty-six hard but happy years, with all their earthly belongings packed into a covered oxen-drawn wagon, and headed toward Pittsburgh.

From there they took the turn-pike, a Macadamized thoroughfare running from Harrisburg, Pa., to St. Louis, Mo., through Pittsburgh, Indianapolis, Terre Haute, Ind., and on west to St. Louis.

All married members of the family remained behind except Emiline, who married a man by the name of Wm. Casteel, and they, with an infant son, Jimmy, accompanied them.

Reaching a point near McConnelsville in Jefferson County, Ohio, after several days of tedious travel, they decided to stop. Here in their new home, as I have so often heard my father (Henry) relate, they had found a perfect paradise; the woods were full of game, making fresh meat easily obtained, while the streams abounded in a great variety of fresh water fish and there was an abundance of spring water.

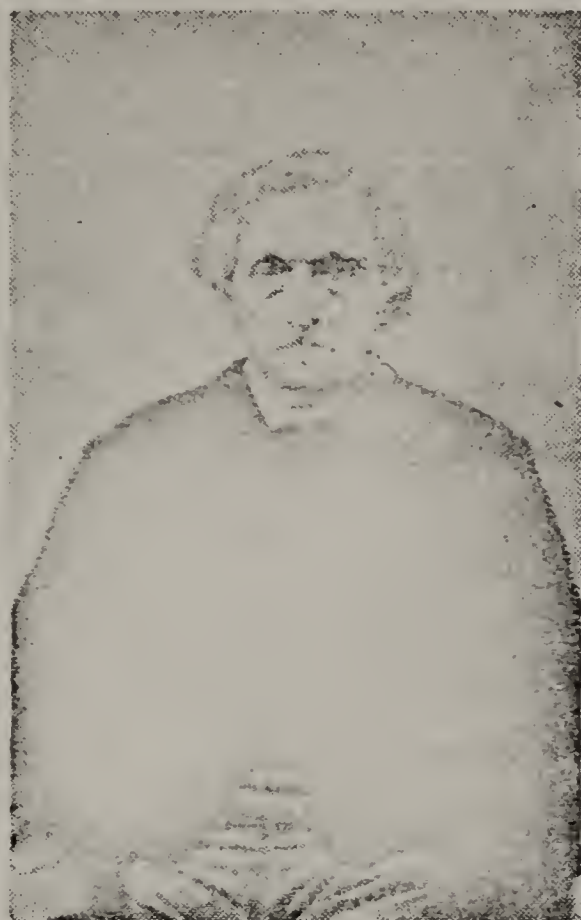
Pails of all kinds of wild berries were picked and dried as canning was then unknown; great quantities of hickory-nuts, walnuts, butter-nuts and hazel-nuts were gathered in the fall and stored away for winter use; So truly they all felt that they had reached a "land that flowed with milk and honey."

Silas, Casteel, and Everhart readily found employment in the coal mines at McConnelsville as they were all experienced miners and though the wages were only a dollar and a quarter for ten-hour day their living expenses were so extremely light, they considered themselves well off and all agreed their move had been a wise one.

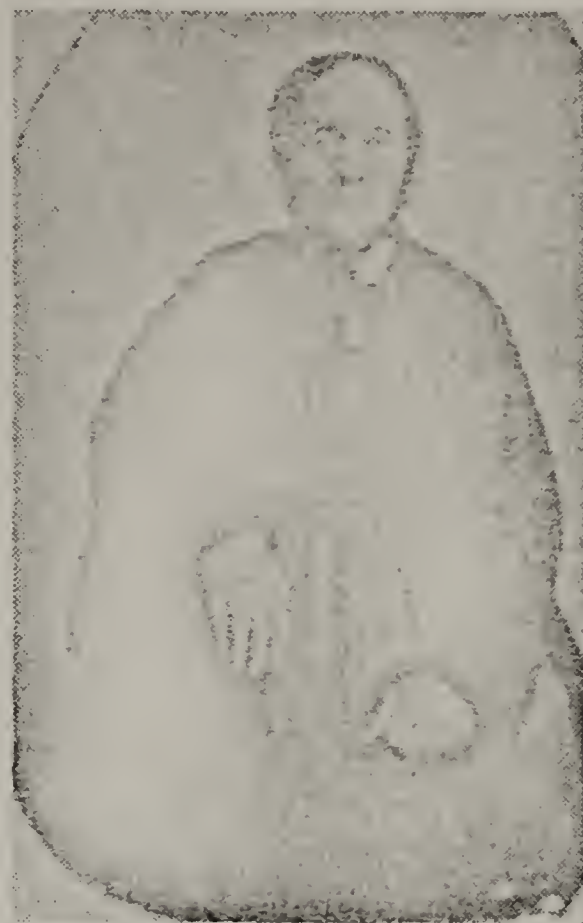
But their sojourn here was destined to be of short duration, for in less than a year, the father, Silas, was taken by death as the result of a trifling injury in the form of a mashed thumb on his right hand. Because it was not considered serious treatment other than crude home remedies were deemed unnecessary and blood poisoning set in developing into gangrene, resulting in his death.

Medical skill had not developed greatly in those early days and many trifling injuries that would now be easily cured, at that time often proved fatal. Everhart was at that time twenty years of age, Henry fifteen, and Ross, the baby of the family, only ten.

Mrs. Williams' father, James Iker, had lost his wife while still living in Pennsylvania and was making his home with his daughter, Ann Bowman, so when she and her husband decided to leave Pennsylvania and penetrate deep into the forests of northern Ohio he accompanied them.



Father Iker



Mother Iker

This was several years before Silas and family had settled in the southern part of that state; They had stopped in the small village of Arcadia, twelve miles northeast of what was then Old Ft. Findley in Hancock County.

It is therefore not strange that this heart-broken little woman surrounded almost entirely by strangers should cast longing eyes towards the dwelling place of her own people.

Accordingly, in the early spring of 1866, accompanied by her three sons, Everhart, Henry and Ross, leaving behind the Casteels, who chose to remain where they were temporarily, this brave little woman set out for the sister's home in northern Ohio.

The trip was made by rail and the reader can readily realize the slowness of trains and lack of proper schedules in making connections, when I tell you that the trip, though less than two hundred miles, required two full days.

They arrived in Arcadia in March of 1866 and put up with sister and her husband until they were able to find quarters of their own; Father Iker was still living and although in his nineties was quite well preserved and

still able to read his old German bible without the use of glasses; He lived to be ninety- eight and was buried in the Van Buren cemetery northwest of Arcadia. I tried to locate his grave while back there on a visit in 1950, but as no record of burials that long ago were kept, I could find no trace of it.

I have his old Bible printed in German at Germantown, Pa., in 1771 by Christopher Sauer. It was given to him by his brother Daniel, who served under Washington at Valley Forge in 1777 and was presented to him by Baron Von Steuben the Christmas of that year.

At the brother's death it was passed on to James Iker, and at his death it became the property of my grandmother, Elizabeth (Iker) Williams, who in turn passed it on to her daughter Emiline (Williams) Casteel, and at her death it was given to her daughter, May (Casteel) Good. While my wife and I were visiting back in Ohio in 1946 several months after Mae's death it was handed to me by her husband, A. M. Good, he stating that it was her request that I should have it.

At the time of the arrival of the Williams family in Arcadia, the country was low and swampy, for at that early date there were no such drainage systems as are found there today. The swamps were full of malaria germs, and it was a long time before they became sufficiently acclimated to win the battle against ague and poverty.

But they had no thought of turning back and with that same determination that characterized most of those early settlers, they struggled on and did their part in transforming that vast land of wilderness and swamps into one of the finest agricultural sections of the nation.

Upon the shoulders of Everhart (Ev. as he was generally known) and Henry fell the responsibility of providing a living for the family, as Ross, then only ten, was too young to be of much help.

They found employment in the early spring assisting the farmers in preparing the ground and planting crops, and in summer and fall caring for and harvesting them. The wages were one dollar per day, and a day was from dawn until dusk.

In the winter, when the weather permitted, there was plenty of work, cutting wood at fifty cents per cord for cutting, splitting, racking and piling the brush. Ev and Henry, using a cross-cut saw, could cut and rack four cords per day.

So they managed to get along, happy to be near their own kin, and, while the wages they received for their hard work might seem to us ridiculously low, their wants were few and they were happy and contented, which after all is what makes life worth living.

As I sit here and pen these lines a flock of aeroplanes soar over my home enroute to the landing place at Clover Field; great trucks and trailers laden with farm produce and manufactured articles pass my door in an endless stream. I turn on my radio and listen to some senator delivering a speech in Washington, D.C.; I tune in on my television and watch a ball

game being played in New York and I marvel at the progress made in the comparatively short time that has elapsed since the day that brave little woman boarded a train at McConnelsville, Ohio, with her three sons and spent two days making a trip of less than two hundred miles.

Then as I look about me and behold the discontent and restlessness, especially among the younger generation, and see people deprived of the good things of life, the very things so essential in making a free, happy, and contented people, all in the midst of abundance, because of a lack of any medium of exchange, I wonder if we have made so much progress after all.

Are they happier than we were? Is their love of God, home and country as keen as ours was? Who can say? As for myself, after living over three-quarters of a century, and observing trends closely, I have arrived at the conclusion that what we call civilization is like a spoiled child; the more it gets, the more it wants, and the less it appreciates what it has.

I do not feel that this history would be complete without going a little more into detail concerning the individual members of Silas and Elizabeth's family, therefore I will endeavor to follow each down to the third and in some cases the fourth generation. In doing this I will be governed by my gathered information over quite a period of years and at the same time keep in mind brevity.

As has already been stated, Margaret and Hannah, their first born, died in infancy. Kathern, their third child, grew to womanhood and married a man by the name of Hugh Church at quite a young age. She lived only a few years after her marriage, dying at the age of twenty-two. I am not certain if she left any children or not but it runs in my mind there was a son. Hugh then married Kathern's younger sister but they will be dealt with later.

Abram, their fourth child, named after his paternal grandfather, grew to manhood in Pennsylvania and married Adeline Daniels. To them five children were born, four daughters and a son. They were, in order of their births, Kathern, Fanny, Violet, Rose and Allen.



Miss Zola Jacobs
Grand-daughter
of
Abram Williams
and wife
See next Page



Abram and Wife

They lived on a farm near Vanlue, Ohio, and Uncle Abe was a kind-hearted, jovial man, an awfully hard worker, and usually followed the Saltzman Brothers' threshing machine during the summer and fall. One of my earliest recollections of him was watching him standing on the platform and feeding the sheaves of grain into the separator with the steady rhythm like motion of an expert.

He passed away at his home, where he had spent most of his married life, near Vanlue in 1910 at the age of 77. My wife and I attended his funeral, held in the Old Sugar Ridge Church on the Tiffin Road (now Highway 224) six miles east of Findlay. He was buried beside his son who died at the age of 14. Burial was in the Old Davis cemetery just back and east of the church.

Kathern, Uncle Abe's oldest daughter, married Nimrod Jacobs, from a highly respected family of farm folks living near Uncle Abe's at Vanlue. They had two children, a son, Forest, and a daughter, Zola. Both received good educations, the son marrying and living in Findlay with his family. He held a responsible position as secretary-treasurer for the Ohio Oil Co. for many years. While still serving in that capacity he passed away suddenly with a heart attack.

Zola never married and after spending thirty years as a teacher in the Findlay schools was elected to the superintendency, a position she still holds. In her honor the school board has named a recently constructed building The Zola Jacobs School.

We correspond regularly each Christmas and always call on her when back there. She was a great friend of my sister Edith who also spent many years in the Findlay schools in the Old Taylor Building under the principalship of the late D. D. Dukes. On our last visit to Findlay in 1950, I jokingly asked, "Zola, when are you ever going to get married?" And her prompt reply was, "Whenever I find a man as good as my father." A fine tribute to a wonderful dad.

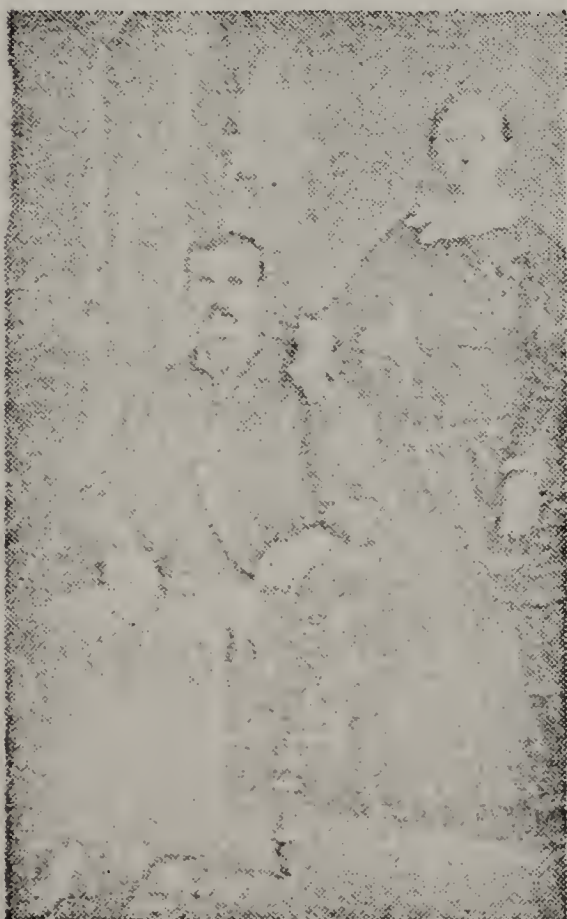
Fanny married Nimrod Bright, from a well-known pioneer family living on a large farm not far from Uncle Abe's. I do not know the number or

names of their children, but I do know there was quite a large family and they lived on the old home farm until after the family was raised when they moved to Findlay where "Nim" passed away a few years later. Fanny lived with a married daughter several years after her husband's death but in her latter years was quite helpless.

Violet married Rade Jacobs, a brother of Nimrod, and they had several children but I know little of them as I left Ohio in 1911 and got out of touch with many of my relatives. They also moved into Findlay after raising their family on the farm and Rade passed away there soon after his brother, Nimrod. While back there in 1950 we called on Violet, who was living with a married daughter and had a nice visit with her. She has since that time passed away.

Rose, their youngest daughter, married a man by the name of Smith and they moved far into the northwest Washington or Oregon, I'm not sure which, where she passed away many years ago. While visiting with her sister, Violet, I was informed Rose left a child but I have forgotten whether it was a boy or girl.

Allen, Uncle Abe's last child and only son, died at the age of fourteen years, and as I was less than five at the time I can barely remember him. So ends all I know of Abram's family.

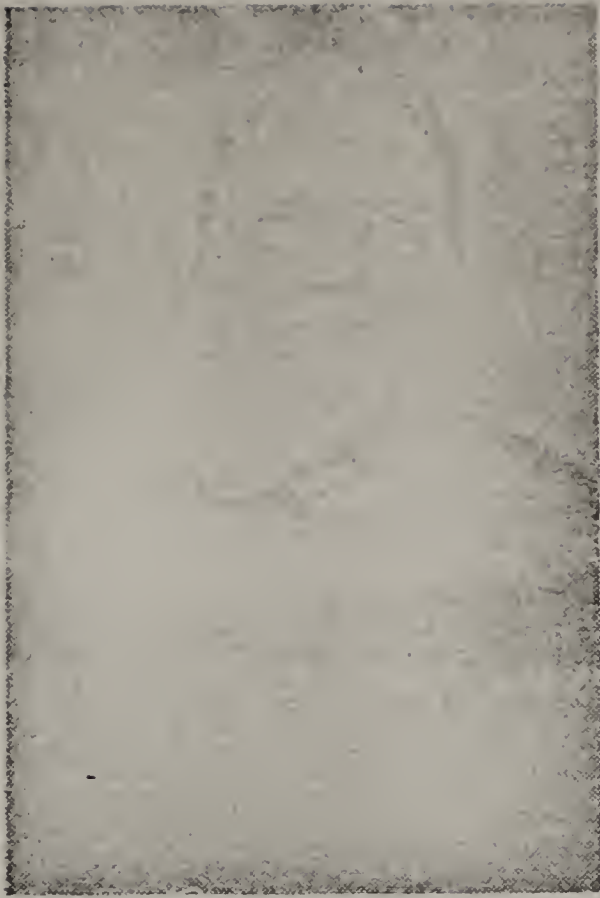


Hugh and Sarah Church

Sarah, the fifth child of Silas and Elizabeth, was born Nov. 3rd, 1835, and grew to womanhood in Pennsylvania. She married Hugh Church, the widower husband of her sister Kathern. They lived and raised their family in the vicinity of Wheeling, W. Va., and though I lived twenty-eight years of my life less than five hundred miles from there I never contacted any of them. For in those horse and buggy days people did not get so far from home as they do in this atomic age.

Sarah passed away Oct. 10th, 1903, at the age of 68. I have information that Hugh lived several years after the death of his wife. There are quite a few members of the Church family still living in the vicinity of Wheeling, all cousins of mine whom I would be most happy to meet sometime but at my age of 76 I have about given up hope.

Lydia, their sixth child, was born Oct. 18th, 1837, missing her mother's birthday by one day, which was the 17th. She died Mar. 15th, 1839, at the age of one year and five months.



Amy Ann Daniels

Amy Ann, their seventh child, was born Dec. 10, 1839. She grew up and married Casper Daniels, a brother of Abe's wife. To them five children were born, two daughters and three sons. They were, in the order of their births, Loyd, Laura, Edgar, Etta, and Alonzo.

Loyd lived all his life in the vicinity of Vanlue, Ohio, where he followed the carpenter trade at which he was an acknowledged expert. Hundreds of the great barns that today adorn that rich agricultural district were framed by him, to say nothing of the many beautiful dwellings he also constructed.

He and wife were the parents of five children, three sons and two daughters, named Willard, Warren, John, Alice, and Margaret. All are living so far as I know, but Loyd and wife died after living well into the eighties.

Edgar married and also followed carpentering, working much of the time with his brother, Loyd. They had two daughters, Juanita and Reva; both of whom are married and live in or near Marion, Ohio. Edgar died several years ago, but his widow lived quite a number of years longer.

Laura, the second child and oldest daughter, married a farmer by the name of Curtiss Beamer and they raised four children, three boys and a girl named Leslie, Lyle, Ralph and Delora. I think all are married and live near Arcadia.

I am better acquainted with Ralph than any of the others. He runs a barber shop in Arcadia and does an extensive real estate business on the side. I met one of his daughters in Sacramento, Calif., in 1953, where she and her husband were living, he being in the air force and stationed there.

Ralph and his father-in-law (a Mr. Saltzman) visited us here in our mountain home a couple of years ago, spending the night with us and leaving next morning in the snow.

Etta, the youngest daughter, married a school teacher by the name of William Putnam, who later followed the carpenter trade, and who was one of the finest inside finishers I have ever known. He worked as such on some of the finest homes and public buildings in Findlay, one of which is the beautiful Federal Post Office Building. Both he and his wife are now dead, she passing away first, he following a short time later. They left no children.

Alonzo, the youngest of Uncle Casper and Aunt Amy's children, and

my boy and young manhood pal was three years older than I but you would never have known it by our looks nor the way we hit it off together.

His first wife was a doctor's daughter and they lived in Marion, Ohio, where he had built up a fine real estate and brokerage business. They had no children, and in 1946 my wife and I visited them in their home and in 1947 they spent a month with us in our home on College Ave., Culver City, California.

I took time off from my park job and with my wife and them we toured the northern part of the state, stopping a few days in Corning for a visit with W. B. Williams and daughter, he being one of Uncle Sam's sons and a first cousin to us whom they had never seen before.

His first wife passed away in the fall of 1949 and as he had no children did not remain single long but married again in 1951. His second wife's first name is Pauline but what her maiden name or that she took from her first husband I do not know.

They made a trip west in 1952, meeting us in Douglas, Ariz., where my wife and I were visiting our daughter and family. After spending a very pleasant week there we left in our car with them following in theirs and arrived at our home in Fallsvale, Calif., the afternoon of May 10th and from then on until June 11th we spent the time visiting, fishing in Mill Creek, that runs about two hundred yards north of our home, and making trips to Big Bear, Lake Arrowhead and other points of interest.

As they left our place in their car on the morning of June 11th, homeward bound, and Etta and I stood on our front porch and waved them good bye I had a feeling that we should never see him again, for he had developed a bad case of heart trouble as the result of an auto accident occurring in 1949.

On arrival home, on the orders of his physician, he sold his real estate business in Marion and retired to their cottage on Indian Lake near Lakeview, Ohio. Here in June of 1955 he dropped dead while working in his yard, and was laid beside his first wife in the mausoleum at Marion. I wish here to make special mention of the kindness and loving care shown him in the closing years of his life by his second wife, Pauline.

So the next to the oldest one of Uncle Casper and Aunt Amy's family is the only one left and she is past ninety, living alone in Arcadia, which was the first home of the Williamses and Bowmans almost a century ago. Right here the prophetic words of Oliver Goldsmith in *The Deserted Village* come to my mind:

"A time there was ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man;
For him light labor spread its wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more;
His best companions innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth."



Sam and Matilda (Deane) Williams

Samuel, the eighth child of Silas and Elizabeth, grew to manhood in Pennsylvania and about the outbreak of the Civil War married Matilda Dean. Shortly after his marriage he enlisted in a Pennsylvania regiment of the Union army, but as these first enlistments were for ninety days only he was soon mustered out.

He and his family, as it was at that time, remained behind when his father and part of the family moved west into Ohio, but followed them a few years later. He became quite a rover and his eleven children were born in several different states as we shall see later.

Thomas, their first child, was born near Uniontown, Pa., Sept. 2nd, 1861, and died in East Sound, Wash., at a very advanced age. He was a railway engineer and was injured in a wreck so badly that he was forced to retire. He married but left no children, and of his wife I have no information.

Elizabeth (named after her paternal grandmother) was also born in or near Uniontown in 1863, dying the same year.

George Elza, third child, was born near Findlay, Ohio, Oct. 27th, 1865, and died in Los Angeles, Calif., Jan. 17, 1937, in his 72nd year. I met him and his wife at Corning, Calif., in 1931, where they were living at that time. His wife passed away in 1935. They had three children, two boys and a girl named Elza Marcus, Asa George, and Gladys Alvira.

Elza Marcus was born at McCool, Neb., Dec. 11th, 1889. He married and they had two children; his occupation was railroad engineer at the time I met him in 1931, with his family at a reunion held in Corning.

Asa George was born at Hayden Divide, Colo., April 28th, 1891. He married and they had two daughters, owning their home on Cinnaron St., Los Angeles, Calif. He had worked as a traveling salesman for the Los Angeles Heavy Hardware for over twenty years, when he met a tragic death near Highland, Calif., when the coupe in which he was driving was hit by a motor-bus, killing him and a companion riding with him instantly.

While we were living on our ranch at Fontana we had him and his family out for dinner one Sunday and thereafter I used to meet him at the Antlers Hotel where he kept a room reserved as he made San Bernardino every other Tuesday on his salesman trips to that section. He was a fine man and one of which the Williams family might be proud.

George's only daughter married a man by the name of Parsons and they live on a farm near Pixley, Calif., not far from Bakersfield. I met them also at the Corning reunion in 1931.

John Stark Williams, Sam and Tillie's fourth child, was born somewhere in Pennsylvania, just where I am unable to state as the family had returned there after living a short time in Ohio, but I do know the date of his birth was on the inauguration day of President Buchanan, which was Mar. 4th, 1857.

He married and had a son, Arthur Leroy, born at Warrensburg, Mo., June 16th, 1891. John died at Cody, Wyo., in Nov. 1908. The last I heard of Arthur and wife they were living near Puente, Calif. I met them once in 1942 when they accompanied Wm. B. and daughter Margaret to our home on College Ave., Culver City, for dinner.

Wm. Blanchard, Sam's fifth child, was born at Wheeling, W. Va., June 2nd, 1870. He and his wife, Jennie, were living at 1215 Marin St., Corning, Calif., in Mar. of 1931, when I had the pleasure of visiting them under rather extra-ordinary circumstances. Uncle Sam, who had just passed his 89th birthday, was living with them as his wife, Tessie had passed away several years before.

In Oct. of 1930 I had sent my father a Greyhound bus ticket and money for expenses inviting him to come to California in time to have Thanksgiving day with us and spend the winter in California. We were living on our poultry ranch at Fontana and I had the ticket made to read from Findlay, Ohio, to San Bernardino, Calif.

He arrived there on Nov. 19th and though in his 80th year had excellent use of all his facilities, being able to read without glasses and with hearing as keen as a school-boy. He had always possessed a keen sense of humor and had thoroughly enjoyed every minute of the long trip.

Before leaving for his home in Benton Ridge, Ohio, I took him up to Corning for a visit with his brother, Sam, whom he had not seen in forty years. Uncle Sam, in spite of his age, was well preserved and able to get around with Dad but had to use a cane.

It certainly warmed my heart to see those two old brothers meet again

almost across the continent from their birthplace and the scenes of their boyhood. The mere fact that I was able to bring this about has caused me no small amount of satisfaction.

Wm. B. and wife Jennie had two children, a girl, Margaret, born at Colorado City, Colo., April 19th, 1896, and a son, Waldorf, born at Colorado Springs, Colo., June 2nd, 1902.

Margaret is married to Roy Close and they have a beautiful home in the edge of Corning, Calif. He runs an extensive lumber business there, and in their home they extend a genuine cordial hospitality to their friends and relatives.

Roy is Margaret's second husband and she is his second wife. She has two sons by her first husband and he has several children from his first wife. Her first husband's name was Van Cromphaut and their two sons are Loyd and Laverne; both are married, Loyd living in Dixen, Calif., with his wife and two children, Ronnie and Nancy, where he conducts a plumbing business of his own. Laverne and wife have a son, Kenneth, and live in Seattle, Wash.

Roy's hobby is flowers which he raises at home in great profusion. In all churches, schools, lodges, or weddings his services are sought as a floral director.

Margaret's brother, Waldorf, is married and has six children, all boys, so it looks as though Wm. B.'s branch of the family will be around for quite some time. They live in Port Townsend, Wash.

James, the sixth child of Uncle Sam and Aunt Tillie, was born at Wheeling, West Va., in 1873, dying in infancy.

Franklin, their seventh, was born at Belmore, Ohio, June 2nd, 1875, but his whereabouts has been unknown since 1903 and if still living would be 82.

Lewis Abner, their eighth child, was born at Findlay, Ohio, June 2nd, 1870, just a few miles from where my sister Edith was born, yet they never saw each other and my own meeting with him was rather strange. He married and they had four daughters named Pearl, Violet, Edith and Osie; all are married and for many years the family lived at Green Mountain Falls, Colo. But I think his wife has passed on and his present address is Colorado Springs, Colo.

One day in Aug., 1936, while we were living on our poultry ranch at Fontana, Calif., a stranger walked up to me and inquired "Are you Fred B. Williams?" to which I replied "That is correct." He continued, "Well I might have known it, for anyone can see at a glance that you are one of our Williamses."

It was Lewis, my first cousin, whom I had never seen and did not even know of his existence, for they left Ohio in 1879, and I was not born until 1882. Was it not a rather peculiar incident that two cousins born only a few miles apart and only a few years difference in their ages were not to meet and know each other until half a century later, almost across the

continent from their birthplace and in the farthest western state of the Union.

He was visiting his daughter, a Mrs. Jackson, in San Bernardino, Calif., where she was living with her two children, and although I lived but ten miles away, and did most of our shopping there, was unaware of any relatives so near. I visited him there at his daughter's and found out he had located me through his nephew, Asa.

In the latter part of August just before he left for his home I met him and Asa by appointment at the Antlers Hotel in San Bernardino on Asa's night to be there, and we visited far into the night. It was the last time I was ever to see Asa for he was killed, as earlier mentioned, the following Oct.

Thermie, the ninth child of Sam's family, was born in Findlay, Ohio, in 1879 and died at the age of nine months.

Mae, their tenth child, was born at Versales, Mo., Sept. 3rd, 1881. She married a man by the name of Ward, and had two children, both daughters, born in Chicago, Ill., where they were living at that time. The older of the two was named Jeanie and she married a man by the name of Musick and if I'm not mistaken she has a son; the last address I have of her is 1101 Encanto Dr., Arcadia, Calif. The time we entertained Wm. B. and his group for dinner in our home on College Ave. in Culver City in 1942 she was one of the group and that is the only time I ever saw her.

Her younger sister, whose name I do not have, died in San Francisco at the age of seven years and her mother, Mae, passed away in 1924, but I do not have any of the circumstances concerning her death nor where she was living at the time.

Emmet, the eleventh and last child of Uncle Sam and Aunt Tillie, was born at Lamont, Mo., in 1884 and the last report I have of him came to me through Margaret Close, Sam's granddaughter, who furnished me all of the information I have on her grandfather's family, and he was married and living at Klamath Falls, Ore. They have no children and that closes the history of Sam's family.

Next in the family of Silas and Elizabeth and their ninth child was Emiline, born Feb. 28th, 1844; She married Wm. Casteel, who was a relative of the Deans, the family from which both Sam and Leroy each got his wife, and lived near them at Uniontown.

Uncle Will and Aunt Emiline had seven children, named in order of their births, James, Lida, Sarah, Walter, Wm. Jr., Charles, and Mae.

James married Clara Ritchie, a sister of Wesley Ritchie, who had been a hired hand of my father on the Old Wisley farm when my sister, Edith, was a baby, and later my birthplace.

To James and Clara two children were born, a girl named Lilly, and a son, Sammie. The birth of Sammie cost Clara her life about 1896 if my memory serves me correctly. I remember her as a very gentle, kind Christian woman, loved and respected by all who knew her.

Sammie died in 1920 and his father followed him in death in 1926. Lilly married a man by the name of Nixon and had several children, but I do not know the sex, number, nor names as I have completely lost track of that family.

Lida married Isaac Moore, well known around Findlay, and they had three children, two boys, Otto and Harry, and a girl, Eva. I know very little as they moved to Casey, Ill., when I was ten years old, however, I do know that Eva married John Postleweight quite young, and Harry was killed by the accidental discharge of a shotgun as he was hunting on Thanksgiving Day, the year I cannot recall.

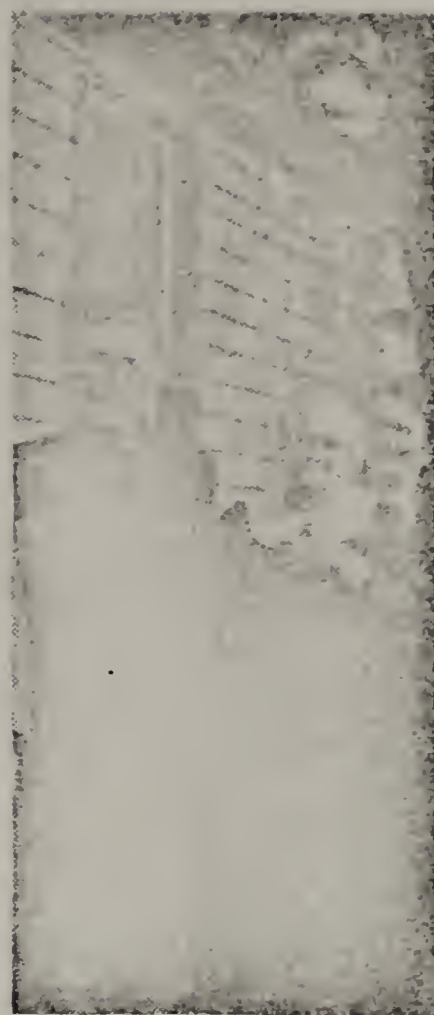
Sarah (Sally) as everyone called her, married Harvey Bare and they had eight children, but I knew only the older ones. They were, in order of their births as nearly as I can remember, Loyd, Charles, Rolly, Marcella, Alice, Clara, Jane Mildred and Carrie. All are married and have families and I think Jane Mildred is the only one deceased.

Loyd married Elcie Thompson and they had two children, Elderene Bare Mueller, Toledo, and Delmar Bare, Findlay. The mother is deceased.

Charles married Isa Hindall (now deceased) and had one child, Treva Esterly, Cincinnati, Ohio. Charles married again, Lola Cornwell, and no children from the second marriage.

Rolly married Ola Smith (now deceased) and they had one child, a boy named Ray; after the death of his first wife he married again a lady by the name of Maud Staley and there are no children from the second marriage.

Marcella married a man named Marc Parschen (now deceased) and had no children. They ran a riding stable and school in a suburb of Cleveland and while my wife and I were back in Ohio on a visit in 1949 we paid them a brief visit.



Wm. Casteel and Wife

Alice married a man named Duckworth Berry and they have two children, both boys and named Duckworth Jr. and Robert.

Clara married a well-known businessman of Findlay named Cyrus Shireman (now deceased) and they had no children. Cy, as everyone called him, was cashier of the Buckeye National Bank of Findlay for many years.

Jane Mildred married Roy Palmer and had two children, a girl, Sarah, named after the maternal grandmother, and a son, James. Both are married and have families. She is the only one of the Bare family deceased.

Carrie married Kenneth Strawbridge and they had one son, Richard, who is also married and has two children. He is in the U.S. Navy and is stationed on the Isle of Malta.

That covers the entire history of Harvey and Sarah (Casteel) Bare, and I am indebted to Mrs. Marcella (Bare) Parschen for most of that information.

Walter married Ola Cole, a member of an old and respected pioneer family of Biglick Township, Hancock County, Ohio. To them eight children were born, four boys and four girls. The boys were Carl, Albert, Irwin, and Dwight, and the girls, Edna, Lottie, Hazel and Geneva.

I know nothing further concerning the children but I received a newspaper clipping from a relative giving an account of Walter's death which resulted from burns received in fighting a woods fire that was threatening his farm buildings.

He was in his 80s at the time of his death but Ola lived to be very old. We called on her at the farm where she lived all alone, renting her fields out. That was in 1949. and she has since then passed away.

Wm. Jr. married an Illinois lady by the name of Georgia Whisnine. He became acquainted with her while working in the oil-fields in that state. They had one little girl whom they named Margaret, who was only three years of age when her father died. Willie, as everyone called him, contracted typhoid fever from drinking contaminated water while out on the job. His death occurred in June, 1908, in the very prime of life.

The widowed mother fought the battle of supporting her small daughter alone for several years, but in the end gave it up and married a well-to-do bachelor farmer of considerable means, whose farm was located near Arcadia. Georgia lived only a short time to enjoy that security, but I am reliably informed that the step-father did very well by Margaret.

Charles, near my own age and my boyhood pal, died at the age of fifteen years. From early childhood he had suffered with inflammatory rheumatism and I can well remember that often in our childish games he would be forced to stop and rest. His death occurred in the spring of 1896.

Mae, who was a couple of years younger than I, was my favorite cousin and seemed as close to me as my own sister. When my mother died when I was only in my tenth year we moved to the country and lived not far from them. We attended the same Old High Bank school together in the

same grade, and I was in the home of Uncle Will and Aunt Emiline as much or more than my own.

In 1905 she married a prominent young man by the name of Andrew M. Good, (Drew) as everyone called him. Just a few months after their marriage Mae took down with typhoid fever and came very near dying, but with the excellent care received in the Findlay Hospital and attended by an expert physician she finally pulled through.

They had three children, two girls and a boy, who were, in order of their births, Helen, Ralph and Martha. At first Drew worked in the industries around Findlay but soon discovered it was a poor way of getting ahead so took up farming and proved very successful in that line.

Helen married and the name of her husband has escaped my memory, but they had a daughter and live in Toledo.

Martha married Howard Matthews and they have two children, a boy and a girl. They live in the small town of Rising Sun northeast of Arcadia, where Howard operates an electrical appliance store and shop.

Ralph married a young lady by the name of Crawford, whose father and I used to hunt coon together back in my early school teaching days. They have five children, all girls, and Ralph operates quite a large farm near Arcadia and is a very progressive and successful farmer. Drew is still living and spends his time between his home in Arcadia and Ralph's farm. When Mae's health began to fail Drew gave up farming and moved into a home they had purchased there in Arcadia some time before. I had received through other relatives word she was failing fast and I longed to get back and see her once more. This was the latter part of 1945 and I could not get my vacation until May, 1946, so she passed away several months before we were able to get back.

Wm. Casteel Sr. was a fine timber man and spent most of his early days in Ohio running a saw mill, turning out much of the lumber that went into the fine barns and dwellings, for which that district later became famous.

In later years he followed farming and passed away on his little farm in Marion Township in 1926 at the age of 84. Near that little farm flows the old Blanchard River made famous by Tell Taylor's popular song, "Down By The Old Mill Stream," and where the author and I often fished.

Aunt Emiline also lived far into the 80's and passed peacefully away at the home of her daughter, Mae, on the Old Cyrus Grub farm northwest of Findlay in Liberty Twp.

I wish to here state, that no finer, more upright Christian people ever lived than Uncle Will and Aunt Emiline, and it is with kindest feelings that I reflect back through the dim mist of years to the days when my dear sister and I, two motherless children, were the recipients of so many kind acts at their hands. Truly I should feel I had missed an opportunity to show my appreciation and gratitude if I fail to give them special mention and I can think of no better way of closing their part in this history.

Uncle Ev. was Grandmother's favorite son if she had such, for it was on his young shoulders that largely fell the responsibility of providing for the family after the death of her husband. Then, too, she kept house and made a home for him after the two younger brothers, Henry and Ross, had married.

While in the employ of his brother, Henry, (my father) he was kicked in the chest by one of father's horses and was really never well thereafter. His doctor advised a dryer climate as in those days nearly every disorder of the lungs was diagnosed as consumption (now tuberculosis). He went as far west as Kansas which at that time was the extreme west but finding no relief for his lung hemorrhages he returned to Findlay where he died at the home of his younger brother, Ross, May 24th, 1887, at the age of 41.

He was a member of the Odd Fellows who had charge of the funeral. As I look back over it now I am satisfied that the hemorrhages were caused by a broken rib puncturing his lungs.

There was rather a sad romance in his life for at the time of his injury he was keeping company with, and was engaged to marry a very charming maiden lady by the name of Jennie Wolf who lived with her widowed mother on the Old Tiffin road six miles east of Findlay.

After Uncle Ev's injury and it became apparent that his health was gone, they mutually broke the engagement, and though Jennie lived to be a very old lady, she never married and as long as my grandmother Williams lived and was able to get around she was a regular visitor in the Wolf home.



Everheart Williams

As earlier stated, my father, Henry, was born near Uniontown, Pa., Feb. 18th, 1851. He was just past his fifteenth birthday when his father died, and the three sons, Everhart, Henry and Ross, moved with their widowed mother from near McConnellsville, in Jefferson County, Ohio, to the oft mentioned village of Arcadia. He was of slight build, but wiry and strong but even at that young age assumed along with Uncle Ev. the responsibility of providing for the family.



Henry Williams with grandson, Robert Eugene Nowlan and granddaughter, Ruth Esther Williams. (Small child unidentified).

Father once told me that if all his school days were added together it would not amount to a total of two full years. But nevertheless, under the patient tutorship of my mother after their marriage, he became a fair penman and a slow but thorough reader, and I can truthfully say that I have never seen a common layman who was a more thorough student of the Bible nor one better informed in U.S. history or current events.

I have been told by men who knew him well in his younger days that at such public gatherings as log-rollings, barn raisings, corn husking-bees, and the like when a fight, wrestling match, or some other exhibition of physical strength came as a climax to such events, few men of his size or even larger cared to tackle him or could put him on his back.

Even the last summer he lived, I was told by one of his close neighbors there in Benton Ridge where he lived the last twenty-five years of his life, that no man did a bigger summer's work than he. One example of his hardihood was displayed during the extremely hot summer following his 84th birthday he drove a binder for a neighbor to cut one hundred acres of wheat and oats.

In 1870, being then nineteen years of age, he hired out by the year to a thrifty young farmer in the vicinity of Arcadia, by the name of John Mosier.

He was to receive a monthly wage of eighteen dollars a month the year through, with board, room, and mending of clothes included. In fact, in those days a hired man or maid was treated just as another member of the family.

He worked for Mosier as a hired hand for seven years in succession with a raise in wages to twenty dollars per month after the first year, and a horse kept and that was top wages in those times. This fact stands as a fine testimonial of his trust-worthiness and faithfulness to his employer. John had a younger brother, Cory, and he and Henry struck up a friendship

that lasted until death separated them, Henry outliving them both by many years.

The work on the farm consisted of planting or sowing crops, cultivating and caring for them until grown, then hauling to market after harvesting and the thousand and one other things always bobbing up on a farm to be done. There were sheep to shear, stock to feed, wood to cut, and other things too numerous to mention.

After working for Mosier for approximately four years, a young lady a few years younger than Henry came into the household to assist Mrs. Mosier in the care of their three small children that had arrived in rather rapid succession and to also help in the general household duties.

This young lady was tall, but splendidly proportioned with high forehead, deep-set gray eyes, brown hair, fair complexion, and of rare intellectuality and personal magnetism. Her name was Mary Jane Blair, oldest of the four daughters of John and Gerusha. Blair, who lived on the Blair farm not far from the Mosiers.

Although she had never received other education than that afforded in the little log schoolhouse in Marion Twp. she became an excellent reader and speller, that being considered quite an accomplishment for a young lady of that day.

The friendship that grew between these two young people was natural as each came from a home where hard work was the very basis of livelihood and it developed into a rather long courtship that eventually ended in marriage at Findlay on Feb. 20th, 1877. I have their marriage certificate framed and hung just above our own in our bedroom at home. It is signed by the minister Rev. A. W. Holden and witnessed by Anna Rose and Elias Hoot. The document was 80 years old last Feb. 20th.

Both Jane and Henry were thrifty and by the time they were ready to embark on the sea of matrimony they had saved one thousand dollars. Now that might not seem like much to the young folks of this generation, but remember that was four decades ago and at that time it was indeed quite a lot of money for two young people to start out in life with and let me remind you that millionnaires were not then as thick as toad stools in a deserted barnyard.

Prior to their marriage, Henry had rented a large farm near the Blanchard river known as the Wm. Wisley farm in Marion Twp. High Bank school district.

It was here my sister and I were born in the rough plank house in which the couple set up housekeeping. Edith was born Dec. 18, 1877, being a few days over four years older than I, who did not arrive until my mother's birthday which was Jan. 16th, 1882. So she was away in school when I was just old enough to play around and get into all kinds of scrapes, needing her as a body-guard.

The schoolhouse, a one room red brick structure that stood just across

the New Haven road from where the old log one had been, was on the north high bank of the river which gave rise to the name High Bank School District. It was three-quarters of a mile south of where we lived and one of my first recollections was sitting out of an afternoon anxiously waiting for her to show up coming home from school and running to meet her to ransack her lunch basket for some morsel of food she had left over.

What fun the youngsters had in winter sliding down the steep bank on sleds or skating on ice on the river, and how short the intermissions used to seem. When the snow was deep we used to play fox and geese or dog and deer and when it was soft and would pack good how we'd roll up big snowballs and built forts and have fierce snow battles.

But those days are gone
And I recoil
That centralization
Such fun doth spoil.

We left this home of my childhood in 1887, moving to the city of Findlay. My father made a public sale to dispose of surplus farm implements and livestock, the result of many years of hard work by both him and my mother.

Times were good and the amount realized from the sale was very satisfactory, which, along with a considerable bank roll they had saved in their ten years on the farm, would have made it possible for the family to have lived comfortably with what Dad could earn in various ways had he been content to stay with things he understood, without going into their savings.

He built a nice home at the corner of Tiffin Avenue and Dun Street just a little over a mile from the center of Findlay, which then was experiencing a great natural gas boom. The great Karg Gas well just south of the Main Street bridge had come in, causing national attention and there were many others of lesser fame causing a great influx of industries attracted by the prospects of cheap fuel.

Real estate soared out of sight, lots and business building sites selling for unheard of prices. Then all at once the gas subsided due largely to waste and the boom vanished. Industries moved to more favorable locations, taking with them those who had to depend on the labor they offered and Findlay went dead. I know of many poor suckers who mortgaged fine farms to buy lots at fabulous prices and lost those farms by foreclosures.

Here during the next five years my experiences became a peculiar mixture of joys and sorrows, the memories of which have followed me all through life even down to the present day. To go to Findlay with my parents and sister once or twice a month was quite a treat but to live there was a much different thing. Even though only a child of five years I have a vivid recollection of sorrow and reluctance to leave the scenes of my childhood, where I was free to run and shout to heart's content without disturbing anyone or trespassing on their property. This, I was to soon learn, could not be done in the city.

It is a well-known old axiom "that trouble never comes single" and in the autumn of 1891 my mother, over-worked and over-worried by Father's financial reverses, and the collapse of her dreams for Edith's and my future closed her weary eyes on the sad scenes of this world and went to be with her Maker in whom she had an abiding faith.

I am sure that no greater calamity can befall a family than the loss of a mother, especially when there are children at the tender age when her care is so much needed. Even after the lapse of sixty-six years, and my children are grown and have families of their own I can in my memory see the kindly face of my mother and here permit me to digress long enough to give a little poem I have written entitled:

MOTHER'S DAY REFLECTIONS

If I had known,
What burdens you were bearing,
What griefs were in the silence of your face,
I would have been more thoughtful and more caring
And tried to give you gladness fore a space
And in your rugged pathway
Bright roses would have strewn
If I had known.

If I had known
How many needless cares I made you
I surely would have hung my head in shame.
For though so many worries
I had caused you
You never once on me laid any blame.
Now after all the years that since have flown
I would have made it different
Had I known.

If I had known
What thoughts disturbing plagued you
Oh, Why is youth so slow to understand?
I would have shown consideration for you,
And placed my hand within your lonely hand
And made your stay more pleasant in the land
If I had known.

Leroy, next to the youngest of the family, was born in Pennsylvania July 10th, 1853. He married Hester Dean, a sister of Sam's wife, and to them eight children were born, five boys and three daughters, named in order of their births: Ella, Charles, Clark, John, Blanchard, Rufus, Bina, and May.



Leroy and wife, Bina and May

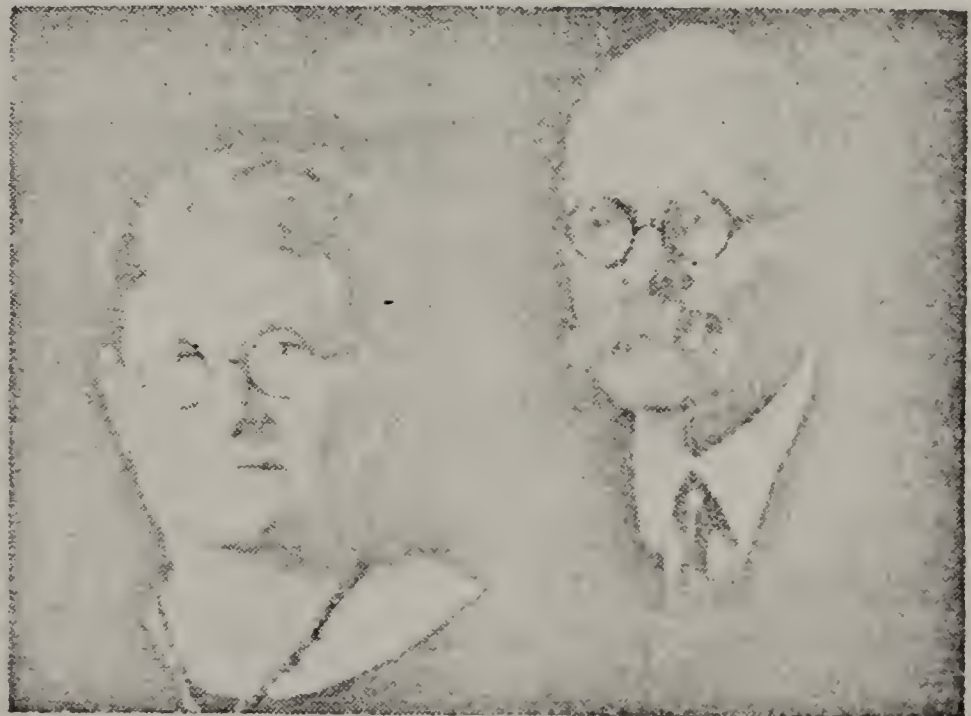
In 1888 Leroy and his wife with their two younger children, Bina and May, visited us in our home in Findlay and it is the only time I ever saw any of them except Blanchard, who visited us frequently as a grown man and quite a rover, having visited practically every state in the union. At the time of their visit, Bina was three years of age and May six months, while I was in my seventh year, so I recall it well.

The family lived in Uniontown, Pa., where Uncle Leroy was em-

ployed as a foreman for a large construction company. He passed away in Findlay in 1934 at the age of 81, his wife following him in death the same year.

Ross, the youngest member of the family, was born Mar. 20th, 1856, and was a child of ten when his father died and the family made their western move into Ohio.

He grew to manhood in the vicinity of Arcadia and Findlay and lived all his life in the latter place except a few months spent at Lancaster, Ohio. He married a Findlay girl by the name of Helen Powley, well-known there and whose brother, George Powley, was a member of the Find-



Ross and Wife

lay police force for many years. She also had a sister, Susie, whose husband, Henry Hershey, was a well-known businessman of Findlay.

I knew Uncle Ross better than any of Dad's brothers as we often worked together and I enjoyed his drollness and keen sense of humor. He and Aunt Ella, as we always called her, had three children, two girls, Zetta and Maud, and a boy, Clarence Fred, the second name being in honor of me.

Zetta, six months older than I, married Earl Moomy, who was raised a few miles south of Findlay and both are still living in Westlake, a suburb of Cleveland, where, after thirty years of service as a street railway motor-man he was retired on pension by the company.

They are the parents of a daughter named Helen, and a son, Harold. Helen is married and her husband owns and runs a garage and service station in Westlake. I have completely forgotten his last name although I remember his first name is Eric. They live on the same street, in the same block as Zetta and Earl, and have no children.

Harold and wife with their two children, a boy and girl, also live nearby and he stepped into his father's shoes as a motorman for the same company, but on a bus line, which has replaced the out-moded streetcar system.

Maud, the second child of Uncle Ross and Aunt Ella, was born a short distance west of the old Sugar Ridge Church, on the Tiffin road, where our family attended services, and I well remember of accompanying my parents and sister on a Sunday, after services, to their home to see the new baby.

In later years before her marriage she lived with us on our homestead in Arizona for nearly two years. Having partly finished a nurse's training course she many times proved of great value to us with our three small children far from medical assistance. She became a skillful horsewoman and loved to ride and shoot, often accompanying us on our frequent deer hunts in the Chiricahua Mountains, which forms the eastern boundary of Sulphur Springs Valley where our homestead was located.

Returning to Ohio she completed her nurse's training and followed that profession the rest of her life. While nursing in a Louisville, Ky., hospital she fell in love with a patient by the name of J. B. Mulliken and later married him. They had a daughter while living there.

They later moved to Nevada, Mo., where Maud accepted a position as nurse and superintendent of a girls' home there. She passed away there shortly after her daughter, Dorothy's, marriage in 1947 or 1948, I'm not sure which. The last I heard of Dorothy she with her two children and husband were living in Baltimore, Md.

Fred, my namesake, was born in Findlay, Ohio, in 1896, the only son of Uncle Ross and Aunt Ella. He grew to manhood there and married Ione May, a daughter of Johnny May, who was known far and wide as one of the finest blacksmiths and horseshoers in the entire county.

To them six children were born, three boys and three girls, which I will name, but will not promise it will be in the order of their births. They were Helen, Clarence, Charles, Margaret, Elizabeth and Donald.

I have met them all, but I know Donald better than any of the rest as

he was in the Air Force and stationed at Coronado, Calif., where he lived with his wife, Jerry, and two children, Carolyn and David.

Don got a long weekend off once each month and on several such occasions spent it with us in our mountain home accompanied by his wife and children. On one occasion we, Etta and I, drove to Coronado and spent a week end with them. When his term of enlistment expired they returned to Ohio and since then another girl has arrived.

Fred and Ione also paid us a visit in 1953 when they made a trip to California to see Don and family while they were still at Coronado.

Uncle Ross passed away in his home in Findlay Mar. 19, 1936, at the age of 85. Aunt Ella passed away seven years later at the home of her daughter, Zetta, where she had made her home after the death of her husband. She was 92.

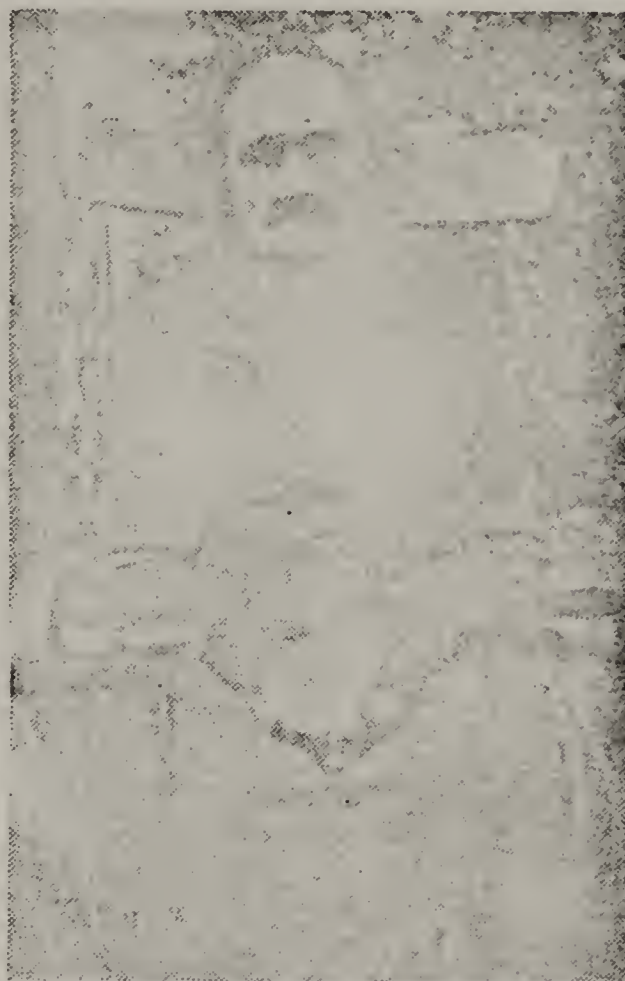
So the last of the Silas and Elizabeth (Iker) Williams family has passed on and out of a total of fifty grandchildren only five that I am positive of are still alive, the oldest of the five being Laura Daniels, age 90, Zeta Moomy, 75 last July 1, myself, 75 last Jan., Fred Williams, 61, and Mary Beck, my half-sister, 58. The last two I do not know the month or day.

Beginning where I left off with my father's financial misfortunes and the death of my mother I wish to devote some time and space to my sister, Edith's, and my own fortunes, which if I were to cover in its entirety would make a volume by itself; but as I have covered that in detail in a book just completed entitled "The True Life Story of a Common Man," I will make this as brief as possible while giving the facts.

In the spring following my mother's death we, much to my delight, moved back to the country on a small six-acre tract of land owned by Uncle Will and Aunt Emiline Casteel, and Father was to farm a large two hundred-acre farm owned by Andrew Bish, two miles from where we lived.

We rented our home in Findlay to tenants and my sister, Edith, who was in her first year in high school, was to board with them until the term ended the latter part of May. Grandmother Williams, who was then past seventy-five but still very active, kindly stepped in and kept house for us the next two years.

Edith never had a chance to finish high school as Dad's finances would



Elizabeth (Iker) Williams

not permit her support away from home so she had to give it up and work out as a maid in the summer months to be able to attend some select schools that were held in various small towns of the county and later Findlay College.

So courageously and well did she apply herself to her studies, that at the age of eighteen she successfully passed the Hancock County teacher's examination held monthly in Findlay and was granted a certificate to teach in the schools of the county.

In the fall of 1906 Dad married again after waiting almost five years since the death of my mother, to a maiden lady by the name of Alice Williamson, who lived with her aged father, Johnathon Williamson, on a forty-acre tract of land in Eagle Twp., four miles south and one mile west of Findlay

So I went to a new home to be under a stepmother at the age of fourteen. As Edith was already teaching she was not at home very much but her interest in me never lagged and it was through her influence and financial assistance that I finally secured a high school education, something that she herself had been denied.

In the fall of 1898 we moved to Union Twp., twelve miles southwest of Findlay and near the two villages of Rawson and Mt. Cory. The farm on which we moved consisted of two hundred acres and had long been the George Wonders farm, but had been purchased by Charles Watson, a neighbor of ours in Eagle Twp.

It was from there I attended high school one year at Rawson and then transferring to the Union Twp. high school located at Mt. Cory, and it was from there I graduated in 1903 at the age of 21.

I worked for Dad that spring until after corn planting was over, then attended select school being held at Rawson under the splendid instructor, J. M. Laws, and as a result of his fine coaching successfully passed the Hancock County teacher's examination in August and was granted a certificate to teach.

In my junior year in high school I had begun keeping company with a young lady by the name of Miss Etta Watkins, whose father, George W. Watkins, owned and operated the Walnut Grove Stock Farm one mile south of Mt. Cory.

In Sept. 1903, I began my first term of school as a teacher in the very same schoolyard where my mother had received all her education in an old log schoolhouse but since replaced by a one-room brick structure. At the close of the seven and a half month term I was again offered the school for another term but as Marion Twp. could not pay any more money and Cass Twp. just north of Marion was offering forty dollars per month for an eight-month term I turned the offer down and went over to the Brenner school in Cass Twp. to teach my second term.

On Oct. 6th, 1904, I married the lady already mentioned, after a courtship of three and a half years. We set up housekeeping on Perin Ave. in

McComb, Ohio, where my sister had been hired to teach the sixth grade in the school there and wished board with us.

I finished out my term of school in Cass Twp., going back and forth each weekend to McComb and my boarding place, D. E. Peeples, but the next year accepted a position as the seventh grade teacher in the McComb schools where I was close to home. Here on Feb. 13th, 1906, our first child, a son was born, whom we gave the name of Preston Blair, the first being in honor of my old pal, Preston Fellabaum, and the second my mother's maiden name.



Edith Augusta (Williams)
Nowla



Fred B. Williams
at 26 years

After teaching the nine-month term in McComb, I moved over into Putnam County where I accepted a position as principal of the Leipsic schools at a better salary than McComb would pay. I taught there two terms and during that time Etta's father had passed away and her mother moved into Mt. Cory and wanted me to quit teaching and move onto the old home farm and run it.

I did move out to the farm in the spring of 1908 and run it for the next three years, but I did not give up teaching as I had fully intended to do, for I was offered the principalship of the Mt. Cory grammar school and as it was only a mile from the farm I felt I could teach and run the farm too by keeping a hired hand from fall until spring.

On Sept. 7th, 1908, our second child was born and to our delight was a little girl, whom we named Elizabeth June, the former in honor of my paternal grandmother and the latter after her mother whose middle name is June.

In Jan. 1911 I made a public sale, disposing of surplus livestock, farm implements, and some household furniture that I did not care to ship to Ft. Collins, Colo., where I had previously purchased an irrigated forty-acre farm.

I had done exceptionally well on the farm, leaving with three thousand

dollars cash, besides shipping one thousand dollars worth of livestock and farm implements to our future home in Colorado. Ever since a boy I had felt the urge of some day making my home in the great out-of-doors in the west, just why I cannot explain unless it was in my blood the same as it had been in that of my ancestors generations before me.

So we bade farewell to our native state,

Dear Old Ohio State of my birth

Land of my childhood, no fairer on earth.

Home of my sweetheart tender and true

Dear Old Ohio, I've ne'er forgotten you.

At the depot in Mt. Cory to see us off were Dad, Stepmother, my two half-sisters, Etta's mother and youngest brother, Evart, and a group of close friends, all wishing us safe journey and success in our new home in Colorado.

As we boarded the train Etta was in tears while I had a lump in my throat, that try as I might I was unable to swallow, and soon we were being borne on the swift wings of steam toward our new home in the land of the setting sun. Some of the group we left standing on the platform there we were never to see again.

Arriving at Ft. Collins after three days of travel we established ourselves in a furnished cottage to await the arrival of the car I had chartered to ship our livestock, farm implements, furniture, and such other things as canned fruit, cured hams and bacon.

The car came in a couple of weeks and we were soon established on a one hundred twenty-acre farm three miles south of Ft. Collins that I had rented as my forty had no buildings. I at once began getting things in shape for putting out a big crop of spring wheat, oats and barley, clean ditches to be ready for irrigating, an entirely new experience for me.

Here on Aug. 1st, 1911, our third child was born, a son whom we named Evert Paul; we knew it was on the way but had made no mention of it to Etta's mother or anyone else, and right here I want to say she was a mighty brave little woman to leave her mother, who had been at her side when the other two arrived, but I can say after living with her for almost fifty-three years that pluck and bravery are two of her chief characteristics, and I have seen them both manifested on many occasions.

I had received with my forty acres one and one-half shares of New Mercer Water Company water stock set forth in the deed and as that company held second right to water in the Cache La Poudre River I was assured of an abundance of irrigation water at a very low cost.

The name of the river is French and in English means, hide the powder; the origin of the name came from the fact that in the early history of the country a party of French was surprised by a roving band of Indians and one of the Frenchmen ran shouting cache le poudre.

But all water for house use had to be hauled from Ft. Collins in one

thousand gallon tanks and dumped into a cement cistern at the ranch and from there pumped up as needed. All surface water was so strong with alkali as to be fit for livestock only.

This inconvenience together with a super abundance of grasshoppers and mosquitoes, and the fact that the high altitude did not seem to agree with Etta caused us to decide on another move before a year had passed.

We had wonderful crops of wheat, oats and barley, but in spite of that fact, because of the handicaps mentioned and a sort of mutual discontent, we decided to sell the ranch, make a public sale and go to Arizona, where Etta's two older brothers had gone to homestead.

When our baby was only one week old I left for Arizona, where I filed on a homestead and contracted to teach a nine-month term of school in Soldier Hole District at Whitewater, sixteen miles south of my homestead. The name of the district was of historic origin due to the fact that there was a water hole near, where in earlier days Gen. Crook's soldiers had come for water when he was chasing the notorious Apache Chief Geronimo around over the southwest.

With that taken care of I returned to Colorado but had to be back in Tombstone, the county seat of Cochise County, by Sept. 5th to take the Territorial teacher's examination. As it was already Aug. 18th it can be easily seen I had no time to lose.

This made it necessary for my brave little wife to assume the responsibility of closing up our affairs in Colorado, namely: making a sale, having a railroad car spotted at a spur near our home, seeing to its loading, pre-paying the freight, and settling up things in general, no small undertaking for a little woman with two little children and a baby one month old.

The Good Book says the Lord tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, and it certainly proved true in our case. Arbie Roether, a young friend of ours, had accompanied us to Colorado and hired out as a hand on the Buckeye ranch, thirty miles north of Ft. Collins. On hearing of our going to Arizona he decided to come along with Etta and file on a homestead, so he quit his job in time to help her with her task.

After I had left for Arizona my cousin, Maud Williams, arrived for a visit and this too was a God-send, for being a trained nurse she was a great help to Etta with the children. She also decided to come to Arizona and file on a homestead so everything worked out fine, and they arrived in Pearce, Ariz., Nov. 2nd, and I'm sure no prouder or happier man ever trod this earth than I was on the memorable Saturday when I met my little flock at the depot in Pearce.

We moved into a furnished two-room adobe shack that a homesteader had left to work in the smelter in Douglas, twenty-four miles south, and anxious to have someone to look after the place and live there rent free.

We would drive to and from the homestead each weekend, a distance of sixteen miles, in a buckboard drawn by a span of mules. This was ne-

cessary to comply with the homestead laws and besides I needed to see how things were coming along for I was having a well drilled, a windmill put up and pump installed, twenty acres plowed and a cement house built.

At the close of the term of school I was unanimously hired by the Board of Trustees to teach the next year and during the summer they added another room and hired an assistant as the school was growing and there was too much work for one teacher. We returned to the homestead to put in a very busy but happy vacation.

I will state here that the happiest days of my entire life were spent on that homestead where our children could run and shout and make all the noise they wished without disturbing anyone and above all learn to love Nature and the big out-of-doors. A band of antelope used to come at dawn and again after sundown to water at our big cement water tank.

The blue quail were so thick and became so tame that they used to come while I was feeding the chickens and steal the feed. Once I killed eight with a broom handle, believe it or not.

I believe I can express a truer picture of our mutual happiness there on the homestead by giving a little poem I wrote quite some time ago.

HOMESTEAD IN THE WEST

My mind travels back through the mist of the years
To a little homestead in the West.
As I relive those days my eyes fill with tears,
For of all days, they were the best.

1645403

Our children romped free in the door-yard,
While their mother so proudly looked on
Oh, Time why move ye so swiftly?
Just a short glimpse, and then all is gone.

There was beef to be had for the killing,
There were blue quail and rabbits galore . . .
There were vegetables sweet from the garden
Far surpassing those bought at a store.

I can see my horse saddled and waiting
For a long busy day on the range.
Oh, to just live those days over
What wouldn't I give in exchange.

You may boast all you please of the city
With its hustle and bustle and noise
But give me that little old homestead
To ride free again with my boys.

Yes, dear reader, that expresses my feelings regarding those happy days far better than I could possibly do in prose.

I taught school ten years in Arizona as follows: two at Whitewater, two at Ash Creek, two at McNeal and finally four at Webb. I bid farewell to the schoolroom for good in 1921 after eighteen years of almost continuous teaching, the first eight of which was in Ohio. I had sold my homestead in 1918 and bought an eighty-acre tract of irrigated land in the shallow water district near Whitewater where I had taught my first term of school in Arizona. I farmed there three years.

As Blair was by this time ready for high school and Betty, as we called Elizabeth, would be in a couple more years, we decided to dispose of the ranch and move into Douglas, where they would have better school advantages.

I forgot to mention, that while teaching my first term at Webb our fourth and last child was born on Feb. 8th, 1918, a baby girl, whom we gave the name of Ruth Esther. This gave us a balanced family of two boys and two girls and we were all very happy over it.

I went to work as a meat-cutter for the Douglas Wholesale Meat Co. to provide a living for my little flock which was housed comfortably on Fifteenth Street. I worked there for almost a year, then opened a market of my own at a busy little corner grocery at Thirteenth Street and A Ave. I did fairly well there but sold out in the fall and took a job in the Copper Queen smelter where I put in four and a half years.

Etta was called East in Mar. of 1926 on account of the serious illness of her mother, who passed away the following May. She had taken Ruth with her. As there was considerable business to be taken care of she and Ruth did not return until June.

Before proceeding further with my work at Phelps Dodge copper smelter, I wish to here take time and space to account for my sister Edith, who had remained single up to the time of our departure for the West.

As earlier stated, she had never been permitted to finish high school, but with the assistance of some excellent country school teachers, three of whom were James Davis, Ellsworth Powell, and Willoughby Shank, and much hard study at home, she successfully passed the Hancock County Teacher's examination and started teaching at the age of eighteen.

She taught in various townships of the county, namely: Marion, Orange, Eagle, Cass, and from 1904 to 1906 taught the 6th grade in the village school of McComb.

Each vacation she attended the summer term of college, usually at Findlay, but once I remember during the summer of 1906, while we were still living in McComb, she attended a term at Ypsilanta, Mich. That same fall she went into the Findlay schools, where she finished her teaching career in 1913.

Although she never earned enough credits to receive a college degree.

her advancement in the teaching profession was steady and by hard work and the burning of midnight oil she attained a most enviable record in that line.

Her rise was as follows: A one-year, two-year, and three-year common school county certificate, then a five-year and eight-year county professional certificate. Still with a burning desire to advance her rank, in 1908 she quietly slipped away to Columbus and took the state examination, passed it and was granted by the state board a life-time certificate to teach in any of Ohio's schools or colleges.

As I reflect back over life now and realize the difficulties and obstacles she had to surmount in her struggle to secure an education and at the same time keep her promise to our dying mother, to see me through to manhood, the poetic words I had often heard one of my old and most respected professors quote, comes vividly to my mind:

The heights by great men sought and won
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward through the night.

After I had married and had a family of my own, and had departed for our home in the West, she felt her promise to our mother had been faithfully kept, as indeed it had, in every detail she naturally felt alone in the world with myself and family so far away and accepted the offer of marriage by an old friend of us both, Professor A. J. Nowlan, who had lost his wife and was left with several small children that were in need of someone to mother them.

Shortly after their marriage in 1913 her husband was elected the first Superintendent of Hancock County Schools and while serving in that capacity, a son was born to them whom they named Robert Eugene.

After two terms as County Supt. of Schools they moved to a farm near Arcadia where the family spent several happy years together, but in October of 1924 Edith passed away rather suddenly, leaving a broken-hearted husband and son.

In 1935 I made a trip back to Ohio and persuaded Gene to accompany me back to California where he remained with us eighteen months. He returned to Ohio, served in World War II, married and has three children. They live in Toledo where he is employed in the post office.

The work at the smelter was not hard but the punishment one had to endure was terrific in the breathing of calcine dust, sulphur smoke, and the intense heat, so my doctor advised for my health's sake, getting out and seeking other employment.

Blair was past twenty and holding down a good job with the same smelter company; Betty was in high school and Evert was in the eighth grade so our family was rapidly growing up.

I quit my job at the smelter, rented an apartment for the children and



Fred and Etta and their four children. Left to right: Evert, Betty, Blair, Ruth, then Fred and Etta.

accepted a position as traveling salesman and demonstrator for The Curtiss Steam Cooker, manufactured by Metalite Manufacturing Co. of Los Angeles, Calif. I was to work out of Tucson, Ariz.

As it is only one hundred thirty miles from Douglas and my demonstrations being in private homes, I never worked on Saturdays or Mondays, it gave me long weekends so I could run back and forth to Douglas to see things were alright.

I returned home that first weekend with one hundred dollars in my pocket besides building up a nice drawing account with the company, which was more than I could make in a month at the smelter.

I worked the city of Tucson in about six weeks and by that time Etta and Ruth had returned and it was then I began to realize the unsuitableness of my job for a man with a family.

I would just get Evert and Ruth started nicely in school in one place when it was time to move to the next; this meant to either pull them out and start them in again at the next place or leave the family and go on alone and that was an idea none of us liked.

They were in three different schools during the fall and winter of 1926 and 1927, namely: Gallup, New Mexico, and Winslow and Phoenix, Ariz. So Etta and I had decided while in Gallup that soon as I finished my work there I would give up the salesman job and get into something that would insure us an established home for we'd always been most happy that way.

I had done well and was making good money at the salesman work, so it was with some uneasiness and reluctance that I gave it up, but we

were all tired of the gypsy life we had been living and thought it best to give it up, go on to Phoenix and try to land a job there.

We did all our traveling in a 1925 Baby Overland touring car, and arrived in Phoenix the latter part of Nov., 1926. We found a three-room cabin at a tourist camp nicely furnished and though a little crowded, it was home to us and we were quite happy and contented.

We put the children in school, and I at once found work in a lettuce shipping shed, as the lettuce season was on in full blast and as many as sixty-five carloads were being shipped out from Phoenix daily. I remained on the job until the season closed the fore part of January.

I worked the summer of 1927 at various jobs, doing very well driving a fertilizer truck, planting an orange and grapefruit grove, and finally taking a job as a reinforced steelworker on a construction project which was my last job in the state of Arizona.

The job was on a multiple dam being constructed on the Auga Calienta (hot water) River northeast of Phoenix called Camp Pleasant, but do not make the erroneous mistake of thinking because of the name, it was a place of comfort, for it was the hottest place I ever heard of except one, and if rumors are true, even that exception would have to take second place. It was a rumor I heard around the camp that a carpenter died from heat prostration while at work going to the other hot place and immediately sent back for his overcoat. The reason for the name Pleasant was due to the fact that Carl Pleasant was the name of the construction company president.

We left there in July, the heat having become unbearable, and headed for California after a sojourn of over sixteen eventful years, starting when the baby state was yet a territory, and leaving behind us many happy and some sad recollections.

We crossed the Colorado River, which forms the boundary between Arizona and California, at Yuma July 11th, 1927, and thus became a resident of the farthest western state of the Union, a boyhood dream at last realized.

Passing inspection at the line without difficulty, we proceeded on our way, taking the route through El Centro and El Cajon, into San Diego, where we took the ocean route north to Los Angeles, a Spanish name, which in English means the Angels. At San Diego I beheld for the first time the mighty Pacific and I frankly admit the feeling of awe that came over me as I gazed upon its vast expanse of water.

Reaching Los Angeles on July 14th, we rented a nicely furnished cottage in a court and began living in a real house, the first we had enjoyed in almost a year.

My boss at the dam had also come to Los Angeles and with his wife and two boys was occupying a cottage just across the driveway from ours. He came over the next morning and said that he had a foreman's job lined up for himself on a thirteen-story building being constructed on the corner

of Hollywood and Vine streets in Hollywood, but it would not be ready for steel work for a couple of weeks yet.

That suited me fine, for I wanted a little breathing spell after my experience at the Carl Pleasant dam in Arizona, where I had acquired a most uncomfortable case of prickly heat that I was anxious to get rid of before tackling another job.

I started work there under Henry South, my old boss, on Aug. 8th, for the Schofield Construction Co., working seven days a week, eleven hours a day, on a shift that was from 1 p.m. to 12:30 a.m., allowing thirty minutes off for lunch. The job lasted from Aug. 8th until Nov. 3rd. Before leaving I was told by the general foreman to hold myself in readiness for another job the company had coming up after the first of the year.

Not wishing to weary the reader with details I will pass over the next ten years, touching only events of importance. I followed steel work until the spring of 1928 when I purchased an orange grove out at Fontana, Calif., building a nice home there and farming until Feb. of 1937. We then moved into Culver City where I followed landscaping and park maintenance work there.

I worked for the Federal Government for two years as a gardener at the Sawtell National Soldiers Home, then took the civil service examination for park gardener for Culver City, making the second highest grade in a class of four applicants. The high man got the only job then open but I was informed that I would be the next man up and accordingly received the next appointment in March, 1942.

I was park supervisor there until reaching the compulsory retirement age of 70, and in June of 1952 retired, took my pension and moved to a mountain home I had built expressly for that purpose. It is high up in the San Bernardino range at an elevation of six thousand feet and we have given it the very appropriate name of Sierra Vista, which is Spanish, meaning in English, Mountain View.

We can stand on our front porch and have an unobstructed view of both San Bernardino and San Geronimo peaks which are snow-capped usually until late in June, and when the wind is in the right direction hear the roar of Mill Creek Falls as it leaps over an eighty-foot cliff.



So, dear reader, whoever you may be, my faithful companion and I, after spending almost three years over a half century in happy married life, thankful in having each other, and blessed with four fine children, seven grandchildren and two great grandchildren, all of whom show us profound respect, we ask "What greater blessing could parents enjoy?"

One thing more, that we may be permitted by the same kind Providence, that has granted us all these favors, will permit us to close our eyes upon the scenes of this world here in our beloved Sierra Vista, and the departure of each may be close together, but in this we bow to the will of the Almighty. So ends my part of this history.

In conclusion I will take up the lives of our four children and their families as briefly as possible. Blair, our oldest son, served in the army, in the Philippines three years under Gen. Douglas MacArthur prior to World War II and received an honorable discharge.

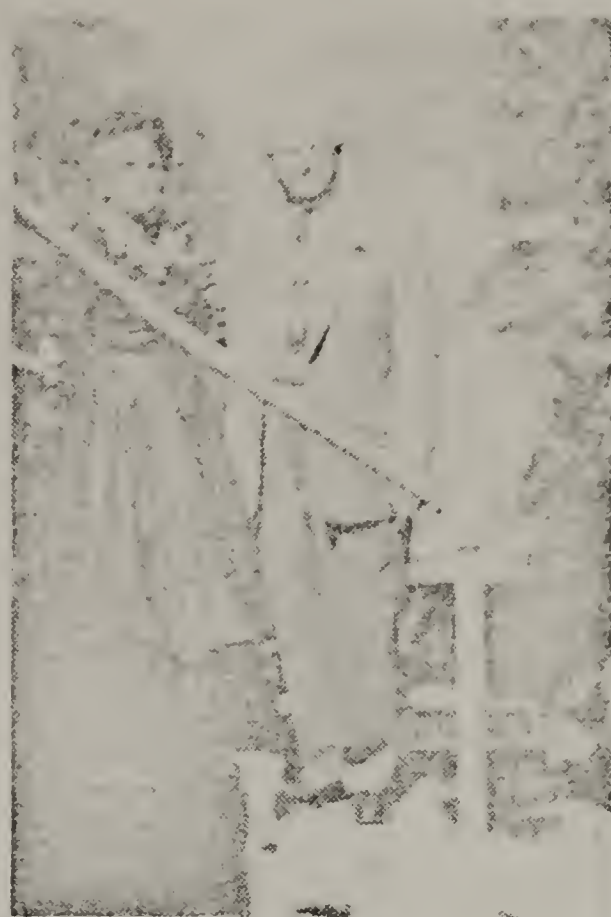
In 1938 he married a New Mexico girl by the name of Lucile Watkins and they have two fine daughters, the older, Barbara Ann, in her seventeenth year and a senior in Alexander Hamilton high school, Los Angeles, and her younger sister, Etta Mae, now in her sixteenth year and a junior in high school.

Blair is employed by the Helms Bakery and drives one of their big trucks and trailer to their Mojave warehouse, a round trip of two hundred ten miles daily five days weekly, a job he has held for over eleven years. They own their own home in West Los Angeles.

Elizabeth (Betty), our second child, and oldest daughter, married a man by the name of Louis J. Good and they have one son, Deane, and they live near the Mexican border in Douglas, Ariz. Here Louis, after serving the city twenty-two years as a mail carrier, is now in the office. Betty is district secretary for the Boy Scouts of America. Deane graduated from the Douglas High School in May and is at present attending the University of Arizona at Tucson.

As they are the only ones of our family who live far from us, we usually go over to visit them for a couple of weeks or a month, generally in April and October. We drive the 580 miles in our car.

Evert Paul, our third child and youngest son, married a lady by the name



Fred and Etta

Taken on front steps of our mountain home (Sierra Vista) Oct. 10th, 1956. Neighbor's house across street can be seen. Fred at 75 and Etta, 72.



Harvey and Sally (Casteel) Bare, a pair of twin girls, and Emilme Casteel of Dorothy Taylor, of an old and highly respected family living near San Bernardino, Calif. They have two children, a girl, Doris, and a son, Roger Lee.

They live in Colton, Calif., where Evert follows carpentering, painting and interior decorating. Dot, as we call her, is a bookkeeper and stenographer and occasionally works at it. They own a beautiful home in Colton in a nice residential district and as it is but twenty-five miles from us we see them often.

Roger Lee graduated from Colton High School in June, 1956, in a class of over two hundred sixty. At present he is attending San Bernardino College and holding down a teller's job at the Citizens Bank in Colton.

Of all the grandchildren, Roger Lee will be the only one to carry on the Henry Williams branch of the family name and should he not marry and have a son our branch of the Williams name will cease. He is a fine boy and one that any grandparents might well be proud of.

And now I come to the last of our four children, Ruth Ester. In spite of the fact that I was a teacher, she is the only one to complete four years of high school and graduate. This she did from Colton in the class of 1936. In Dec. of 1938 she married John W. Erickson of Warren, Ariz., where they bought a home and lived during the greater part of World War II.

He was a timberman in the copper mines at Bisbee for the Phelps Dodge Corporation and had been in the mines ever since graduating from Bisbee High School. They had two boys born while living in Arizona, Karl, born May 6th, 1941, and Fred Albert, born Aug. 8th, 1943.

In 1944 it became apparent that John's lungs were becoming effected

by the continual breathing of dust in the mines and the doctor advised a change in his occupation, one in which he could be more out-of-doors if possible. Ruth, knowing there is a form of tuberculosis called miner's consumption, became quite alarmed and urged him to seek other employment, preferably in California.

So they sold the home they had bought and paid for in Warren and came to California. As the war was still in progress, renting a house in Culver City was entirely out of the question. We housed them in our small apartment until they could find something.

We had a young man and family, occupying the apartment just back of ours, who was driving daily one of the big Helms Bakery trucks back and forth to their warehouse in Long Beach, and through his influence John got a job as swamper on his truck, and in a very short time was advanced to driver.

After a couple of months living with us in the apartment they succeeded in buying a nice home just across the street on College Ave., with a little three room rental on the rear of the lot. The house in front was a five-room modern one with two bedrooms and they bought it at a very reasonable figure. So they moved into the front and we into the rear house and here we lived most happily for the next six years.

In 1952 they sold the property and bought one under construction on Jasmine Ave. in a new part of Culver City and live there at this time. John now works for Uncle Sam as a mail carrier in Culver City, and Ruth has a fine position with the Precision Sheet Metal Corporation, a position she has held for over ten years in the shipping and receiving department.

Karl, their oldest son, who will be seventeen next May, will graduate from Culver City High School in the class of 1958. Fred, their other son, is in his first year in Junior High and it is the plan of his parents to enter him in the New Mexico Military School at Roswell this coming September.

My father had four children from his second marriage, three girls and a boy, named in the order of their births: Edna Gladys, Ruth, Mary, and Floyd. Edna Gladys died at the age of eight months and Floyd at three months.

Ruth never married but remained in their home at Benton Ridge, keeping house for Dad until his death in 1936. After his death she went into the home of an elderly lady in Rawson by the name of Mrs. Bunn, and cared for the old lady until she passed away in 1941.

She had gained quite a reputation in the care of elderly people, and at the death of Mrs. Bunn her services were sought and obtained by a Mr. Mitchell and his wife who lived on North Cory Street, Findlay. Mrs. Mitchell was an invalid and had to use a wheel chair and Ruth was still working there when she met a tragic death on May 18th, 1946, in an auto accident while riding with my wife and I on the way to her sister Mary's home at Lakeview, Ohio, to spend the weekend.

Mary married a man by the name of Herbert Beck, a widower with five children, and to them five more were born, three boys and two girls. They were in order of their births named Richard, James, Donald Dean, Ruth and Leah Mae. All are married and Herbert and Mary are now alone in their home in Lakeview. We correspond regularly.

And so, Friends, Relatives of this family and all who may read it, I bring this history to a close, fully aware that it perhaps is not expressed in the most elegant language, but simple and understandable, I hope.

It is based on information that I have spent many years in acquiring and if errors of fact occur it is due to misinformation and not intentional and with that explanation I will say

Adios, Amigos.



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